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56TH CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { DOCUMENT No. 520.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN H. HOFFECKER

(LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM DELAWARE),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE,

FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS,

SECOND SESSION.

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DEATH OF HON. JOHN H. HOFFECKER.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

DECEMBER 3, 1900.

Mr. BINGHAM. Mr. Speaker, I submit the following resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JOHN H. HOFFECKER, a member of this House from the State of Delaware.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

JANUARY 10, 1901.

Mr. BINGHAM. Mr. Speaker, I move that February the 16th, at 4 o'clock p. m., be set aside for eulogies and tributes of respect to the late JOHN H. HOFFECKER, a member of this House from the State of Delaware.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Pennsylvania moves that February 16, at 4 o'clock p. m., be set apart for eulogies on the late JOHN H. HOFFECKER, from the State of Delaware. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

FEBRUARY 16, 1901.

The SPEAKER. The Chair lays before the House the special order for this afternoon at 4 o'clock, which the Clerk will report:

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Bingham, by unanimous consent, it was ordered that Saturday, February 16, at 4 o'clock p. m., be set aside for eulogies and tributes of respect to the late JOHN H. HOFFECKER, a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Delaware.

Mr. LACEY. I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tribute to the memory of Hon. JOHN H. HOFFECKER, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Delaware.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Address of Mr. Lacey, of Iowa.

Mr. Speaker: From sturdy German ancestry John Henry Hoffecker traced his descent, and his family resided in Kent County, Del., from a period antedating the war of the American Revolution. He was the oldest son of Joseph and Rachel Van Gassen Hoffecker. He was born September 12, 1827, on his father's farm, near Smyrna, and was educated in the schools of that town. A devoted Christian, he was attached to the Methodist Episcopal Church from his boyhood. His was a busy and useful life. For years he was a member of the Smyrna school board, and for a large part of the time its president. He was often commissioner, and for years was president of the board. From the organization of the Fruit-Growers' National Bank, in 1876, he was one of the directors, and for the past eight years its president. He was president of the Philadelphia and Smyrna Transportation Company. He was elected a member of the Delaware house of representatives in 1888, and at its session he was elected as speaker of the house.

He was a director of the Delaware Railroad Company, of the Kent County Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and Smyrna Building and Loan Association. Two years ago he was elected to represent Delaware in Congress, defeating the Hon. L. Irving Handy. At the adjournment of the first session of the Fifty-sixth Congress he returned to Smyrna to resume his active life, but on the morning of the 16th of June, 1900, he was stricken with apoplexy and passed to his final reward. He joined Asbury Church in 1845, and has been, during the years of his life, superintendent of the Sunday school, trustee,

steward, class leader, district steward, and for the past ten years treasurer of the board of stewards of the Wilmington conference.

May 19, 1853, he was married to Annie E., daughter of the late John Appleton, of Odessa, Del., and of this marriage there were born four children, who survive him—Walter O., John A., J. Edwin, and Mrs. H. P. Hall. His wife died June 20, 1881, and on March 21, 1883, he was married to Mrs. Charlotte J., widow of Joseph H. Hoffecker.

From 1875 to 1878 Mrs. Hoffecker was a teacher in the mission school at Fuchau, China, where she was a member of the family of her sister, who is the wife of the Rev. S. L. Baldwin. The funeral services were held in Asbury Church, and during the service the business of the town was suspended. The business places and factories were closed.

Such is a brief outline of the history of the man whom we honor to-day.

Dr. Johnson says that we should, as we grow older, keep our friendships in repair by forming new ones to take the place of those severed by distance or by death.

As we grow older this becomes more and more difficult, and especially with men engaged in an active business life, the hurry and pressure constantly distracting them from social comforts.

In a sea voyage, embarkation in the same vessel, for a time with all communication with the outside world cut off, turns the attention of the passengers to each other and a speedy acquaintance ensues. But in the activity of Congressional life the associations of members are not intimate, unless they are thrown into the intimacy of committee work, where they obtain a closer view of those men with whom official duties have for a time brought them in contact.

Length of service in this body brings with it a kindlier feeling toward political adversaries. Those who have served several terms in this House all bear witness that with each recurring session party animosity becomes mollified and a friendlier feeling arises between political opponents.

In public life we constantly witness the rapid disappearance of the old and the conquering approach of the new. The waves of human life are ever beating on the shores of the eternal. As the day draws near its close the shadow grows longer, but its disappearance is only the more certain.

When I first visited Westminster Abbey the tombstones in the green churchyard were mossy and stained with age; but in a returning visit, a few years later, I found that the stones had been laid low, the rounded hillocks leveled, and the tide of living humanity in the busy city swept over the bones of the dead.

As one by one our colleagues fall by the way we turn aside to do them honor. I have ties that connect me with the State of Delaware; for, more than two hundred years ago, my ancestors lived within its borders. Near Georgetown, on the old farm, under a giant grapevine in the old burying ground, lie the remains of my great-grandfather, and of his father also, both soldiers in the war of the American Revolution. I have therefore watched the material and political progress of that little State with great personal interest, and when JOHN H. HOFFECKER came to the national capital as a Representative of Delaware I at once formed an acquaintance with him, which soon ripened into friendship, but which was too soon terminated by his sudden death.

He died full of years and honored by his fellow-men, and his people showed their love for his memory by selecting his son to succeed him. He was one of those plain, practical men

of that moral and mental fiber that has done so much for the upbuilding of our nation, morally as well as materially. Men like him, who do their simple duty, never seeking notoriety by unusual or startling methods, content to perform without display the work they have to do, are the best and safest public servants.

In politics he was an old-line Whig, and then a Republican. In religion he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was always active in business, religious, and political life. Whether as a farmer, manager of a transportation company, president of a bank, railway director, Sunday-school superintendent, speaker of the Delaware house of representatives, or as a member of Congress, he was always at his post doing his best for his fellow-men.

Death found him full of vigor, engaged in all the active duties of his busy life, and garnered him as a ripened sheaf for the eternal harvest. The world is better for his life.

When the soul leaves the confines of this life and approaches the borders of eternity, we watch the lips of the dying for the last token of love, and with hopes of some glimpse of the great mystery that lies beyond. We treasure these words for our future comfort and instruction.

Grant's dying words were long drawn out. He finished his Memoirs on his deathbed, and left them for a support to his widow and as a message to his countrymen. "A dying man can do nothing easy," said the philosophic Franklin. On July 4, 1826, John Adams, at Quincy, said, as he breathed his last, "Thomas Jefferson still survives;" but Jefferson had just before solved the last problem as he said, "I resign my spirit to God and my daughter to my country." They were not his dying words, but the last words of Forrest, the actor, on the stage, were from "Richelieu:"

There is One above
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world
Even better than prime ministers. Alas!
Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds that seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind.
Still, like the cloud that drops on unseen crags
The dews the wild flowers feed on, our ambition
May from its airy heights drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue, and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath passed away.

Then, looking at his audience, he said, "And so it ends!"

Palmer was playing "The Stranger." "There is another and a better world," he said, and dropped lifeless.

Peterson, as he was playing "Measure for Measure," said:

Reason thus with life;
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep; a breath thou art—

And fell dead.

Cummings was taking his part in "Jane Shore" and died as he recited the words—

Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts;
Show mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accorded to thee, and begs of heaven to show thee.
May such befall me at my latest hour.

When John Murray Foster had become so weak that he could not speak he beat time with his hand when he heard the strains of the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Said Admiral Foote: "We must have charity, charity, charity."

"Excuse me, Doctor, for a few minutes," said Patrick Henry.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said Horace Greeley.

"That is better, thank you," were the last words of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"When will this end?" said Washington Irving.

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shadow of the trees," said Stonewall Jackson.

"We will meet in heaven," said Andrew Jackson.

Lincoln's last remembered words were as he was going to the theater and said to Schuyler Colfax, "Good-bye."

Gen. Samuel Houston last coupled the name of his State with that of his wife: "Texas—Texas—Margaret."

"I am at enmity with no man," said Gen. John A. Dix.

"It is the last of earth; I am content," were the famous words of John Quincy Adams.

"An emperor should die standing," said Vespasian.

"How grand is the sunlight," said Humboldt.

Said Keats: "I feel the flowers growing over me."

Senator Isham J. Harris and Lord Macaulay both said, "I am tired."

"God bless you, my dear," said Samuel Johnson.

"It is nothing," said King Humbert as the assassin's knife pierced his heart. Henry the Fourth said the same as he felt the blade of Ravaillac.

"Head of the army," murmured Napoleon.

As Washington died he said, "It is well."

It was indeed well with him, the most honored man that has ever lived and died. Death has an appointment for each of us that we are bound to keep. Without knowing the time or place, we hurry on.

JOHN H. HOFFECKER left us no parting words. In solitude the last summons came, and he slept in silence. His parting message was undelivered.

But his life speaks to surviving friends, and all will remember him as he lived rather than as he died, for he so lived that death could not find him unprepared.

Address of Mr. Brosius, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Speaker: When Tell's arrow pierced the breast of the tyrant Gessler, and he lay bleeding and dying in the mountain pass, he was surrounded by a company of Friars of Mercy who happened to be passing, who sang these lines:

> With noiseless tread death comes on man;
> No plea, no prayer delivers him;
> From midst of busy life's unfinished plan,
> With sudden hand it severs him.
> And ready or not ready, no delay,
> Forth to his Judge's bar he must away.

The literature of every race contains reminders of this most profoundly impressive of all the facts of nature, which the Arabs expressed in their well-known proverb: "Death is a camel that kneels at every man's door."

I crave a brief indulgence on this occasion to mingle my voice with the swelling anthem of affectionate eulogy because I respected and honored our departed friend while living, and I feel a sincere and reverential regard for his memory. The duration of his life, the usefulness of his labors, the benevolence of his feelings, the elevation of his sentiments, and the nobility of his character united to form an attractive and interesting personality and a career instructive and admirable in a high degree.

His brief service in this House afforded no opportunity for the exhibition of any marked aptitude for the higher ranges of statesmanship, but his attention to the wants of his constituents and his tireless devotion to duty accentuated that fidelity which marks the successful Representative on this floor and furnished an example quite worthy of imitation.

His kindly and sympathetic nature, his graces of mind and heart, amiability of character, sweetness of disposition, gentleness of manner, and fine courtesy made conquest of universal esteem and placed him high in the hearts of those who had the good fortune to know him. His constituents appreciated and loved him. They knew his diligence in their service; they knew that the command of duty was to him a "thus saith the Lord;" that no draft made upon him in any matter whose claim he recognized would ever go to protest. So they trusted him and were never betrayed; confided in him and found him worthy.

The lesson such a career, brief as it was, teaches appeals to all of us, that the only way for a Representative to securely hold the confidence and affection of his constituents is in the demonstration of his worthiness by integrity, fidelity, industry, and efficiency in their service.

Mr. HOFFECKER was a man of light and leading in his community. He was a gentleman of the old school, courtly and polished in manners, with an attractive personality that commanded universal respect. The variety and prominence of the positions he held of a business, social, and ecclesiastical character denoted the commanding influence he exerted in his community. When he was laid to rest, the chief mourner was the town in which he had dwelt. In recognition of his private worth and public services all places of business were closed. "Grand, good Christian gentleman! No unkind word was ever spoken of him," said one who had known him for many years. "A noble, Christian man, a counselor always safe, an honored and trusted citizen," said another. "One of God's noblemen, always engaged in love and good works," said another old acquaintance. His sterling manhood, exalted character, and broad Christian spirit gave him the deserved

preeminence he enjoyed in the State he so faithfully represented for a brief period on this floor.

Our departed friend reached and passed the bounds of man's appointed years. The mysterious clock which the angel of life wound up to run three score years and ten and gave the key to the angel of the resurrection, as beautifully suggested by Dr. Holmes, ran a little beyond the appointed time.

Death came unheralded. We heard the rustle and saw the shadow of his wings, and it was over. "As the shadows steal at evening over the earth, softly closing the flowers and touching them to sleep, silently and lovingly in the promise of a bright waking," so he fell asleep. Nature, with a little rudeness in her touch, perhaps, disengaged the vital chord, and he "passed serenely into rest on the other shore of that mysterious sea that never yet has borne on any wave the image of a homeward sail."

The suddenness of his taking off is a circumstance not wholly without comfort. To one who is ready I can not but feel with Ruskin that death is the comforter and friend bringing in his right hand rest, and in his left hope. It is not uncommon in our day to hear the desire expressed for a sudden death. Dr. Holmes once said, when he read of some one being taken off quickly, it made his mouth water. I am sure our departed friend in every way answered the description contained in the poet's lines, which voice my own feelings:

> When faith and patience, hope and love,
> Have made us meet for heaven above,
> How blest the privilege to rise,
> Snatched in a moment to the skies;
> Unconscious to resign our breath
> Nor taste the bitterness of death.

He is gone; but he left behind him for our instruction the lesson of a beautiful life of sympathy and service. To

contemplate and emulate it is the only way to make it profitable to us. Death comes like a faithful schoolmaster, with the open book of a closed life, and assigns the lesson which we must study or lose its teaching. There is a "golden text" in the lesson of this dutiful and beautiful life which we may all study with profit.

And now, as we leave the contemplation of our departed friend, those who loved him best can carry with them the consolatory reflection "that while green grass will cover his grave, blue skies bend over it, sweet birds sing near it, and the place will be hallowed ground, yet greener than the grass, fairer than the skies, sweeter than the birds, more hallowed than the grave itself will be his fragrant memory, enshrined with supreme sacredness in their heart of hearts."

Address of Mr. Butler, of Pennsylvania

Mr. Speaker: My acquaintanceship with Mr. Hoffecker was short, but sufficiently long to enable me to speak of him, and sufficiently close to induce me. His Congressional district bordered on mine, and I was officially his nearest neighbor, although I did not know him but by repute until he became a member of this House and took his seat beside me. I then found what his neighbors and friends had said of him to be true, because he was sincere. I discovered that the reputation which they had caused to precede him he had well earned, because he was always faithful.

I soon learned that Mr. Hoffecker was a man of high character, without affectation, in love with his own people, about whom he constantly thought, and I saw in him the qualifications which had enabled him to change the political complexion of a State and secure a majority in his favor.

He was firm at all times, but possessed a desire to acquire such knowledge as would the better prepare him for the duties of a Representative.

He made friends quickly and readily, because nature had brought him social qualities unattended by selfish ambitions. His honesty made him unsuspicious, and his frankness of spirit invited to his side all men of similar character.

I have heard it said that the great confidence which the people of Delaware had in Mr. Hoffecker was not gained alone by a long acquaintanceship with him, but by the natural integrity which was his characteristic property, and which immediately impressed everyone who chanced to meet him.

The people of his native State had often honored him with public place, and his business associates were always ready to bestow their confidences upon him.

He lived for three-quarters of a century in the immediate vicinity of the place where he was born, and the testimony of all the people around and about united in the expression that he had always lived a "perfect man."

He had been a kind friend to all his neighbors, gentle and patient to those in distress, and helpful to those who had not been at all times fortunate. He was strong in senses and body, and his hand was always stretched to those who deserved its support.

His steadiness of habit, together with his constant fairness, made him a natural leader of his own people. His quickness of observation and his determination to be in the right, commended him to the contesting and conflicting factions and elements which surrounded him. His party, rent asunder by bitter conflict, turned to him in despair, and he responded. His modesty made him hesitate in the assumption of duties untried by him.

He brought with him to Congress the affection for his State which had absorbed him while he had lived therein. He brought with him the simple habits of life which had marked him when he was known as a plain country gentleman. He brought with him the same ideas of industry and sobriety which had distinguished him at home. He brought with him the same strong common sense, the same politeness of manner, and the same confiding gentility that had protracted the esteem of his neighbors, kinsmen, associates, and friends, attested by their allegiance all through his busy life.

While Mr. HOFFECKER was an aggressive partisan, he did not array himself against men, but against measures, and only

against those measures which reflection convinced him were not for his country's good.

Without parade or demonstration, he was moved in all his public conduct by patriotic devotion, and had so well disciplined himself that submission to the will of the majority was always accepted by him without manifestations of annoyance or displeasure.

His great respect for the opinions of sensible men impressed me soon after I first knew him, and his tolerance of the weaknesses of others added to the attractiveness which always surrounded him. He was proud of his whole constituency, and on all occasions spoke well of each member of it.

His ways were genial, and the welfare of mankind seemed to have complete control of him in his efforts to establish it. He made no pretense to brilliancy, and his methods were those employed by public men of a past generation, whose ambition seldom led them beyond paths where glamour and romance and selfish greed were seldom found to offer their temptations.

It is well for society that he had lived, because its conditions are always improved by the existence of such men as he. It was an advantage to me to know him, even for so short a season, as he labored here with industry and success for the betterment of both his Government and his State.

ADDRESS OF MR. HAMILTON, OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. SPEAKER: I never attempt to speak on an occasion like this but that I am impressed with the futility and inadequacy of words.

The man who for seventy-three years held a place among men has gone, and the place that knew him shall know him no more forever.

The ship of state never stops at the cry of "man overboard."

The business world scarcely stops to see the crepe on the door of bereavement. In cities the hearse trots to the graveyard and the pallbearers hurry back to their round of business till they also shall be summoned.

I knew JOHN H. HOFFECKER as one member of Congress knows another. Men come to sit in Congress generally as political ephemera who must make way for the next man in the line of political succession, each man individually making some slight impression upon the aggregate grist of laws which the whole body grinds out.

By the accident of the drawing of seats or juxtaposition on committees some few learn to know one another somewhat.

In this way I knew and liked JOHN H. HOFFECKER. He was a man of kindly personality and genial manner, and "manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble minds." He was an honorable man, a trustworthy man, a manly man, and that which comprehends all these traits, a Christian gentleman.

He was intimately identified with the life and development of his home city and his native State.

His ancestors have lived in Kent County, Del., from a time before the Revolution.

Somewhere in Daniel Deronda, George Eliot says "a human life should be well rooted in some spot of native land where it may get the love of tender kinship for the face of earth."

JOHN H. HOFFECKER'S whole life work was identified with his native State.

It is needless to file an inventory of the positions which he held in connection with various corporate interests and otherwise in the building up and improvement of his city and his State. His life was full and busy and honorable. In addition to his arduous and exacting business pursuits he was a member of the Delaware general assembly and as such was elected speaker of the house, and finally he became a member of Congress.

He has left the invaluable impress of an honorable industrious life upon the community in which he lived.

And now, having said this, of what value is it? No encomiums which we may utter here can add to the just esteem in which his people held him. Of what avail is the pageantry of the grave, the sermon, the eulogy, and the requiem?

Certainly it is nothing to him who is done with it all.

And yet mankind can never lay away its dead without some testimonial of its grief, some lessons from the life that is gone, and some words of hope for the future.

The scientific mind of the nineteenth century has solved many mysteries, but the mystery of birth and death remains as impenetrable as ever. It has unraveled many knots, "but not the Master-knot of human fate."

The mystery of the tangled web of human existence is as deep as ever. The curious, inexplicable, and apparently unfair adjustment or failure of adjustment of earthly rewards and punishments, the curious logic of dishonest premises and prosperous conclusions, of flushed and successful aggressiveness

in high places, of modest worth without recognition, of one man's struggle with ill health and another man's waste of robust physical power, of visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, of being pushed by the dead hands of hereditary evil tendencies, or being hedged about by inherited good tendencies, of misplaced wealth and undeserved poverty, of fine-grained, high-strung humanity crowded out and coarse-grained swinishness crowding in—all these things are inexplicable to our limited human comprehension.

And yet, out of it all, it is possible that perhaps the plan may be the developing of human character. Possibly it may not be of lasting and supreme importance that we get rich. Possibly it may turn out that a schedule of earthly possessions may not make much impression on eternity. Possibly officeholding and political prominence may have no influence on final results. Perhaps the whole of life may finally settle down to the simple question of human character—the simple inquiry of what you are, not what you own.

Queen Victoria died last month and was borne with impressive ceremonies to her last resting place, but in the democracy of the grave there are no trappings of empire. A coffin is a coffin, whether it be bare or lined with velvet, and if there be a resurrection—and this whole life would be a pitiful farce if there be no resurrection—the lowliest pauper who breathed his last in the British Empire the evening the Queen died must stand side by side with her at the resurrection, and neither rags nor crown can give distinction nor debasement.

To suppose otherwise would be to suppose that the cheap truckling, the sycophancy, "the proud man's contumely," and all the rest of the incidents of our artificial human distinctions, and the incidents of the inventories of human possessions, would be "carried forward" beyond the grave,

and to suppose this would be to suppose a hereafter not worth having.

Judged by the character standard from a human standpoint, JOHN H. HOFFECKER could well bear analysis.

His life was long and useful. His neighbors and business acquaintances believed and trusted him. Even in the heat of political controversy it is said no man spoke ill of him.

Such a life is an inspiration to younger men to earnest endeavor and a legacy of pride to posterity.

JOHN H. HOFFECKER had grown gray in service. Some men there are who are dragged by the years, protesting, into old age; but his life was a steady evolution of a sturdy, robust, honest character.

Time had laid his hand lightly upon him. In heart and spirit he was still young, and his gray hair was but the impression of the hand of Time in giving him his benediction.

Bacon says men fear death as children fear to go into the dark. There could have been no fear of death in this man's soul. He was grounded in a faith that hails the hour of death as the hour of dawn.

No higher encomium can be uttered of any man than can be carved upon JOHN H. HOFFECKER'S tombstone and written in his eulogy, "He was an honest man and true, faithful unto death."

Address of Mr. Capron, of Rhode Island.

Mr. Speaker: The passing of a good man is of interest to all who survive. A life which ends with an unbroken record of honesty, truth, honor, and patriotism, and, above all, a consistent Christian life, especially deserves the hour which is accorded here to recall the lesson such a life teaches.

A modest, retiring, genial man came to represent the State of Delaware in the Fifty-sixth Congress. The record which preceded him told that the warring political factions in his State had united in unanimous support of Mr. Hoffecker, who accepted the nomination for Congress with hesitation, preferring to continue the peaceful and satisfying life which was the environment and atmosphere of his home and the community he loved and in which he lived.

My life has had no more significant object lesson of the sufficient recompense of true Christian living than was afforded me by being permitted to attend the funeral services of our friend. His sudden taking off without a moment's warning created no concern in any heart as to his readiness to enter into the immortal life. The visible and profound grief of every man, woman, and child in the village of Smyrna upon the morning of Mr. Hoffecker's funeral was as apparent as the sunlight on that beautiful June day. The people walked with careful tread and downcast eyes, red with tears, and with faces overcast with sorrow. The stores and shops and factories were all closed, and a more than Sabbath-day hush prevailed as the hour

for the services arrived. The whole people—black and white, high and low, rich and poor—of the community were seen wending their way to the church where the final obsequies were held.

A good and pure life was reviewed by the pastors of the church with which Mr. HOFFECKER had actively labored throughout his life. One could but realize that the tentative results of earthly living had as much of earthly justification and satisfaction here as often comes to man. Here was a life which, in the words of another, had, perhaps, "nothing in it which the world calls great achievement, but a life beneficent to every other life which it touched like a summer wind laden with a thousand invisible seeds which, falling everywhere, spring up into flowers and fruit."

Most of earthly life is transitory and ephemeral, but we are taught that there are things which continue and are permanent; for while "now we know in part," while "now we see as through a glass darkly," there are things which abide, "for now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity," and JOHN HENRY HOFFECKER was richly possessed of charity for all the world. When this is said of a man, what more can be added? All else is as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

Love is kind and suffers long,
Love is meek and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

Address of Mr. Hill, of Connecticut.

Mr. Speaker: My tribute to the memory of John H. Hoffecker must be brief, as was my acquaintance with him.

So far as the details of his life were concerned, I knew nothing; and yet, when I read the announcement of his death, I felt a sense of personal loss, for even the casual association of hotel life had caused me to respect and honor him as a man of deep convictions and unswerving rectitude.

He was always bright and cheerful, seldom speaking of himself, but never boasting, and only referring to others in words of commendation.

He seemed to be a man who had achieved success by his own efforts, and, content with life as he had shaped it for himself, had fully resolved to make it brighter and happier still for others.

He was a gentleman in the true meaning of the word.

Modest, unassuming, thoughtful of others' feelings, courteous, and kind, he commanded the respect and held the esteem of all who came in contact with him. He had the sense of wholesome humor well developed, and enjoyed a hearty laugh, but his speech was everywhere and always clean.

I think that he was a warm friend to those who were friends to him and that he had the broadest charity for others.

He chose always to excuse a fault rather than to criticise and be censorious.

His words were few, his judgment keen and quick, and his conclusions sound.

His clear, honest vision went straight through the sham and

pretense of modern life, and sought the true, the helpful, and the good in men.

He acted conscientiously on every moral question, and by reason of the fullness of his own experience he could not easily be wrong on others.

Such men are needed in the American Congress. Men who, while representing their district and State faithfully and well and guarding their every interest, will yet feel that they will serve both best when acting for the highest good of our common country.

Such a man I judged JOHN H. HOFFECKER to be; and if I judged him rightly, his family, his State, and the nation will deeply feel his loss.

I have referred thus far only to the life which this man lived in the sight of his fellow-men.

There is another, which, if I mistake not, was to him even more full of joy and peace, and that was the inner life which he lived by faith in Jesus Christ.

It was this divine life which so enriched the human and made it what it was. He did not wear it as a garment kept for state occasions, but he lived it every day.

Its fruits are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Happy the man who can so join these two lives together that the memory of both will always be a benediction to his fellow-men.

It is a glorious triumph of the Christian faith that out of a life of storm and struggle, of battle and of conquest, a man can bravely go to death with the sublime assurance of the Apostle, saying:

> I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.

But to me it is a sweeter thought that such a man as JOHN H. HOFFECKER, in the full maturity of all his powers, with everything to make life pleasant and desirable, with larger opportunity for doing good than ever before, could calmly and peacefully look into the unknown, trusting only in that love which overleaps the bounds of time and reaches on into eternity, a love which knows no end.

Address of Mr. Gibson, of Tennessee.

Mr. Speaker: My acquaintance with Hon. John Henry Hoffecker began with the first session of the present Congress, when he appeared here as Representative of the State of Delaware; but short as was that acquaintance I had good opportunities to learn much of his character and his qualities and habits, both as a man and as a statesman, as we served together on the Committee on Invalid Pensions, and I was chairman of his subcommittee.

I was at once impressed with the massive build of his body, the majestic character of his countenance, and the calm dignity of his deportment. He was the only man I ever saw that resembled the portraits of George Washington, and on calling the attention of others to the fact, I was told that I did not stand alone as an observer of that resemblance. This fact caused me to view him with feelings somewhat akin to reverence, and I can say that no word or act of his during our whole intercourse tended to lessen that feeling.

On the last day of the last session, after the House had adjourned and while many of the members were joining in national songs and farewell greetings, I was impressed by the solemn countenance of Mr. Hoffecker, standing on the step near the Clerk's desk, gazing attentively upon the scene, and the thought then occurred to me, "What is that noble old man thinking?" Did he think, as no doubt others thought, whether he would ever see another adjournment? Was there any premonition of the close of his career?

So it was, in a few days I read in the papers that he had died suddenly from a stroke of apoplexy. I was profoundly shocked and deeply grieved. I felt that a good

man, a useful citizen, a conscientious statesman, and a Christian patriot had been lost to our country.

Mr. HOFFECKER was a great man; not great as wealth makes greatness, not great because of a lordly mansion and great possessions and many servants and pompous displays.

Mr. HOFFECKER was a great man; not great as war makes a man great, with victories won on fields of battle and blood, cities burned, and nations conquered.

Mr. HOFFECKER was a great man; not great as science makes men great by probing into the secrets of nature, reading the mysteries of the past and foreseeing the wonders of the future, and making known the realms of the unknown.

Mr. HOFFECKER was a great man; not great as oratory makes men great by swaying the minds of the multitude and winning their admiration and devotion, and causing the triumph of right over wrong.

Mr. HOFFECKER was a great man; not great by reason of wealth or military achievements, or scientific attainments or oratorical gifts; not great as men make a man, but great as God makes a man, great in the majesty of a supreme honesty, great in the performance of all the duties of a good neighbor, great in standing forward boldly in the advocacy of every good work, great as a promoter of practical Christianity, great as the champion of a liberal education for the youth of his section, great as an organizer of business elements for the common welfare and the general good. And, after all, these are the essential elements of a true greatness, a greatness that blesses all and injures none, a greatness that leaves a perfume of happy memories all over the land where he was known, for

> Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Mr. HOFFECKER was fortunate in his birth, fortunate in his life, and fortunate in his death. Born and raised on a farm, where nearly all of our greatest and best men are born and raised, he was brought up in habits of industry, economy, and honesty. These are the three great equipments for the battle of life. They are to a young man what sword, helmet, and breastplate were to the Roman soldier, and he who has them is sure to win, while he who has them not is sure to lose, even though he start out in the race of life possessed of wealth and all the learning of the schools. Mr. HOFFECKER'S industry, economy, and integrity strengthened him every day all through his life, and not only crowned him with extraordinary business success, but made him a shining example of what any young man can accomplish if he persists in a course of honesty, industry, economy, and sobriety.

Mr. HOFFECKER was fortunate in his life. Happy in his relations as husband, father, and neighbor, he early in his youth joined the church, and thus associated himself at the outset with the best men and women of his community, and at the same time commended himself to all as one who loved righteousness and was resolved to walk in its ways. He served his church as trustee, steward, class leader, and superintendent of the Sunday school. In business he was conservative, but progressive also along safe lines. He showed a disposition to build up and benefit his community. He was president of the Fruit Growers' National Bank, president of the Philadelphia and Smyrna Transportation Company, director of the Delaware Railroad Company, of the Kent County Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and of the Smyrna Building and Loan Association. Indeed, he was a part and parcel of every great and worthy enterprise in his community, and was regarded as an anchor of safety to every institution of which he was a member.

But Mr. HOFFECKER did not confine his energies and abilities to matters of private business; he was interested in public affairs and served his community as president of its school board and as president of the board of town commissioners. He was honored by his people with a seat in the general assembly of his State, and was honored by its house with the position of speaker. And, lastly, he was elected by the people of the State to represent them in this grand council chamber of the nation's representatives, and Delaware never had in this House a grander specimen of her manhood and citizenship.

And Mr. HOFFECKER was fortunate in his death. On the 16th of June, 1900, he was nearly 73 years old, still vigorous in body and mind, crowned with many honors honorably won, possessed of ample estates, secure in the unlimited confidence of his people, happy in the knowledge that his country was entering upon a new century of progress and greatness, with a conscience void of offense against God and man, calm of spirit, hopeful of heart, he stepped as with one stride from the grand elevation on which he stood into the vestibule of the other world. When the messenger of death came to escort him hence there was no delay, no struggle to remain; his life rose up and went its way.

So sudden was Mr. HOFFECKER'S death, he might well have said with Mrs. Barbauld:

> Life! We've been long together,
> Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
> 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
> Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
>
> Then steal away; give little warning—
> Choose thine own time;
> Say not "Good night!" But in some brighter clime
> Bid me "Good morning!"

Life left Mr. HOFFECKER without warning. It bade no adieu. Death closed his eyes in this world and Life opened

them in the other world, and greeted him with a happy "Good morning."

It was my fortune to have served as chairman of a subcommittee of which Mr. HOFFECKER was a member, and I was at once impressed by his earnest desire to get at the real facts of every case assigned to him and to reach a conclusion at once just to the Government and equitable to the claimant. If a million of dollars had been in question or the life or liberty of a person involved he could not have been more deliberate, cautious, painstaking, and conscientious than he was in investigating and deciding a small pension case involving $12 a month. His rule of action seems to have been that whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing well, and he rightly thought that the claim of an old soldier or of the widow of a soldier was entitled to as much consideration as the claim of a banker, contractor, merchant, or shipowner involving a hundred thousand dollars.

JOHN H. HOFFECKER was what I would call a square man. He faced every responsibility fairly and squarely. He looked everything squarely in the face. His every action was squared according to the rules of right. He lived square with the world, and died, as he had lived, square with his God, in so far as man can judge.

Mr. HOFFECKER was not a man to act on principles of expediency. He had a higher standard of duty and a grander rule of action. With him conscience was an all-controlling factor in determining his conduct.

Expediency is an uncertain guide that may lead us into tortuous, and it may be dangerous, paths. Neither is public opinion a sure sign of right unless it be based on the immutable principles of justice. The seaman who crosses the pathless seas, aiming for a particular port, does not allow his ship to

follow in the currents of the ocean, neither does he change his course according to the course of the winds. Should he follow the winds and currents, he would never see the haven he seeks, but would be borne hither and thither like a man lost in a pathless forest until he, his ship, and crew were all ingulfed beneath the remorseless waves.

Neither can the mariner always trust to the stars for his guides, because they are not visible in time of storm. He must have a better guide than current or wind or stars if he would cross the ocean to the port he sails for; and he has that better guide, a guide not in the sea, not in the air, nor yet in the sky; but a guide in his own ship, and that guide the needle that trembles on the pivot of his compass, a guide that never errs, a guide the ocean currents can not perplex, a guide the most powerful tempest can not affect, a guide the stars themselves can not bewilder or mislead.

This guide, and this guide only, does the helmsman of the ship follow; he looks neither up nor down, neither to the right nor to the left, but on the needle he fixes his steadfast gaze, and contrary currents may flow, unfavorable winds may blow, the stars may be hidden from view and darkness impenetrable may encompass sea and sky, but by the aid of a little lamp he sees the slender needle trembling on its tiny pivot, and he feels strong and brave and steers his ship safely through all troubles, all difficulties, and all dangers across the wide ocean and into the very port he sailed for, and as he reaches the wharf he calls out to the captain of the port, "All is well," every passenger and every sailor and every pound of freight all safe on board.

So, in times of great public excitement, we can not always trust the currents of popular feeling; we can not always allow ourselves to be governed by the passions of partisanship; we can not always trust to the guidance of the great

men of other days, whose spirits shine like stars in the nation's sky. What, then, can we do? We can do like the sea captain. We can look at the needle of conscience that trembles on the pivot of duty, that God has put, like a compass, in our minds to be our guide—a needle illuminated by the light of intellect and beheld by the eye of a sober reason. God has given the mariner the little needle of loadstone to guide him over the pathless oceans, and He has given us the needle of conscience to guide us over the ocean of life in the path of duty to the deed of right, and the prickings of this conscience Mr. HOFFECKER always heeded and seldom disregarded.

A man like Mr. HOFFECKER exercises a salutary influence wherever he may be. He would have been a most valuable addition to the membership of this House had his life been prolonged. His death is a clear loss to us all, as individuals and as a Congress. The nation suffers when such a man dies, and however great the loss of his family and friends, such loss is small compared with the loss of the whole nation, and that loss I, in common with his fellow-members, feel and deplore, and I would not have felt satisfied had I not borne this tribute to his record, his virtues, and his memory.

Address of Mr Norton, of Ohio.

Mr. Speaker: It is with no perfunctory sense of duty that I rise to-day to speak in this hushed chamber in memory of one who has sat with us aforetime and whose presence among us was a blessing and a cheer.

Though it is a sad pleasure, I esteem it a privilege to pay my tribute of friendship and regard to the cherished memory of John H. Hoffecker.

When on the summer day the news flashed over the trembling wires that again death had claimed one of our number, there was not alone mourning in the home in Delaware beneath the rooftree of which quietly lay the lifeless form of a husband and father, but out through the district he represented, crossing the border lines of the State he cherished, to the limit of our nation's domain, a wave of sorrow rolled, and many a heart surged and swelled with sorrow at the loss of a loved companion and friend.

It is a trite saying that "Death loves a shining mark." Ever and anon amid the gloom, as darkening shadows hover over some stricken homes, do we recognize the truth of this saying; but it comes with peculiar significance to us when we remember our friend to-day, for he was a friend to every member of this House with whom he came in contact. I speak no undue words of praise, no flattering phrase, but a simple tribute recognized by each of us, when I speak of his genial spirit that endeared him to all.

With the sturdy manliness of his nature, his independence and fearlessness in battling for his convictions of what was right, was joined the loving tenderness of a woman and the

sincerity of a child, and he held his life to be spent for love and duty and right.

> There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
> There are souls that are pure and true,
> Who give to the world the best they have,
> And the best returns to them anew.

This was the key of JOHN HENRY HOFFECKER'S life, and such influences as his are those that move the world. Active, energetic, busy in varied and diversified fields of enterprise and usefulness, he prospered because he recognized the higher law of his being and conformed his whole life in accord therewith. He gave of himself, and in time's fruition he reaped rich harvest in the honor, esteem, friendship, and respect of his fellow-men.

In the halls of Congress there is such wide divergence of thought, of disposition, temperament, and aims that but rarely is there one among us who draws to himself the admiration, friendship, or regard of all, but in the faithful discharge of duty, in diligent attention to every interest committed to his trust, he was recognized by everyone as an honest man, while his personality commanded respect and drew forth the warmer sentiments of friendship and esteem.

As travelers on Indian seas catch sweet fragrance wafted to them over the blue waters of the deep as they pass the spice-crowned islands, so from the life of Mr. HOFFECKER the most casual acquaintance caught and felt the silent, subtle influence of his character, while to his friends and intimates in the sessions of our committee meetings a sweet benediction was shed in all his goings forth and comings in.

With the hope of immortality glowing in his soul, he passed away, and now in blissful realization of the dreams of life, hope and faith breaking into knowledge, perchance, gazing over the battlements of heaven, his earth-freed spirit notes

our offerings to his memory to-day and with beckoning hand points us to the path he trod.

Time runs on; the sun breaks day by day in the eastern horizon; the stars come nightly to the sky; day and night pass, bringing us all nearer to life's end. Well may it be with us if that our lives may be like his—a call to nobler aims, to higher and loftier conceptions of duty, and a radiant memory to those who follow us.

Address of Mr. Crumpacker, of Indiana.

Mr. Speaker: Few members of this body had an opportunity to know the real character and worth of the Hon. John H. Hoffecker, because his services as a Representative began with the present Congress. It was my fortune in drawing a seat to be located near him, and my acquaintance with him dated from the opening day of the first session. I saw and conversed with him almost every day during that session, and I soon learned to respect his high character and his most pleasing personality. He was always at his post of duty, and he watched the proceedings in the House with unusual interest and with a degree of seriousness that bespoke a high appreciation of the responsibilities that rest upon the shoulders of those who have control of the most important interests of the American people.

Under the rules and traditions of this body a member of so short a term of service has little opportunity to actively engage in the consideration of measures on the floor, and Mr. Hoffecker took little or no part in the debates, but I hazard nothing in saying that he never cast a vote upon any proposition that his judgment and conscience did not go with it.

He brought to the discharge of his public duties a high purpose and a clear, well-balanced mind. He carried close to his heart the highest interests of the people he was called to serve. He combined a rare fund of experience with the best and purest qualities of mind and heart. He was not an orator, nor did he have the genius of statesmanship that foresees conditions and devises measures and plans in advance of the great current of

thought and action, but he did have the noble qualities of rugged manhood that make for the strength and glory of our civilization.

The figures of ornamentation artistically woven into the fabric of humanity please and gratify a refined sense, yet the real virtue of the fabric consists in the warp and woof that give it strength and utility. The orator, the poet, the painter, the sculptor minister to the imagination, but the real grandeur of human life is in the earnest qualities of mind and soul that carry forward and upward the vital interests of mankind. The noble men and women who go about from day to day conscientiously performing each duty in turn as it comes most fully express the great purposes of life. They are the bone and sinew of the present, the prop and prophecy of the future. They are the motive power of progress, the wall of adamant in the protection and preservation of human virtues. They fight the battles of freedom. They make its blessings a living reality. They chasten transgression from a sense of duty. They mitigate misfortune from the promptings of love. The irresistible onsweep of those lives is the true history of the human race and constitutes the mighty forces of social and intellectual progress.

Mr. HOFFECKER was of the best of this type, and he won the confidence and esteem of his countrymen by the magic of his sturdy virtues. His was a life of activity and usefulness, and there can be no higher testimony to his capacity and integrity than that the most important interests of men were intrusted to his charge. He never broke a faith or betrayed a trust.

Measured by standards both divine and human, he was truly great, because in all the relations of life he fulfilled all the requirements of his situation. He made the highest and the

best use of the talents committed to his keeping, and what mortal man has ever done more? He was of German extraction, and he embodied the best characteristics of his race—a race that constitutes the real background of the world's best civilization.

The popular standard of greatness is in a large degree a counterfeit. Only humanity is great, and no conspicuous leader in history ever moved the current of human life into new channels until humanity itself had prepared the way.

The glory of the forest is not measured by the mighty oak that may here and there tower in majesty above its surroundings, but by the splendor of the great masses that stand in unison in grateful welcome of sunshine and rain and in stern and stubborn resistance of storm and tempest.

Mr. HOFFECKER is gone, but he has left a heritage that will live forever—the heritage of an earnest, devoted life. His memory may not be embalmed in poetry and song, but his influence will live and leaven as long as the human mind has ambitions and the human heart has affections.

Past the allotted three score years and ten, he departed beyond the vale, and closed a life rich in a wealth of achievement in the most vital concerns of the world. His life work is his most enduring monument and its simple recital his most eloquent encomium. He died as he lived, with a firm faith in the Master whose virtues he so well exemplified.

To his son, who is his esteemed successor in this body, and to his other descendants his example will serve as an inspiration in all of life's activities in a peculiar sense. The loss of such a man is society's greatest sacrifice.

ADDRESS OF MR. MIERS, OF INDIANA.

Mr. SPEAKER: On June 16, 1900, the inhabitants of Smyrna were shocked by the announcement of the sudden death of Hon. JOHN H. HOFFECKER. Such an announcement is always startling to any community. It was more so in this case by reason of the fact that Mr. HOFFECKER had lived among the people of that village for nearly three-quarters of a century. He had gone in and out before them, had lived a model life, had been an active participant in all church affairs, in all business enterprises, and in everything that was good and true in that community. He had risen to the topmost round in the affection of his neighbors. He had carried on business half a century in that village, and had on all occasions been just, not only to himself, but to his neighbors and all who dealt with him.

No just call for charity was ever turned from his door. His every action, so far as public business was concerned, as well as that of his private enterprise, was always measured by the spirit of the Golden Rule. He was honored by his neighbors in church and local affairs. He was chosen president of the Fruit Growers' Bank, president of a transportation company, a director of a railroad company, and was prominent in all affairs that went to build the village and better the country. Aye, Mr. Speaker, he had been chosen by the good will of the people president and director of the good morals and good growth and best interests of the beautiful little city in which he had spent his life. In 1888 his fellow-citizens elected him a member of the State legislature, and he was honored by election to the speakership. He performed the duties of that high and responsible position with great ability and

credit and to the entire satisfaction of his friends and admirers. There were still higher honors to be thrust upon him.

He was elected and took his seat as a member of the Fifty-sixth Congress. Although his service was short and unpretentious, I dare say no member was more attentive to duty, responded to more roll calls, or was present more hours during sessions of the House than he; and perhaps no other member could have given a better or more satisfactory and conscientious reason for each and every vote cast than he.

It was my good fortune, Mr. Speaker, to have known him rather intimately, by reason of the fact of our associations on the Committee of Invalid Pensions. I desire to say now, judging from his conduct, as I remember it, he realized fully his responsibility—to prevent the extravagant use of the people's money on the one side; to be fair and just to suffering humanity upon the other.

There were the nation's defenders, some armless, some limbless, some drawn and racked with pain, and nearly all grown old and needy. Their claims were pending, and he, with his great heart and with his foresight, must pass upon them. I believe that he passed on every one as conscientiously as is portrayed by the old picture of the Goddess of Justice, blindfolded and feeling one side and then the other to ascertain which way the weight of evidence was. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, his great desire was to do justice between the great Government and these poor old soldiers, but always giving the benefit of the doubt to the nation's defenders.

At the close of the session, in yonder lobby I took him by the hand and bade him good-bye, wishing for him a pleasant and happy vacation and hoping to meet him here at the short session, in December, robust and vigorous for its

duties. But it was not to be; an all-wise Providence decreed otherwise, and we bow in humble submission. It illustrates the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, and we must all realize now that he who would meet and greet Mr. HOFFECKER can no more do it on this earth, but it must be in the great beyond, on the other side, in eternity, where we are all trending. None can escape the summons, and when the call is made we can not put it off.

May we, Mr. Speaker, who remain, emulate his virtues, which were many, prominent, and strong. May we not follow in his footsteps of righteousness and attention to duty and hope that we may round out a beautiful life, as he did at the end of seventy-three years, honored, loved, and respected by all who knew us, and may it be said of us as we say of him to-day—we are better for having known and loved so good a man.

ADDRESS OF MR. SULLOWAY, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mr. SPEAKER: The grim reaper, with his unseen but mighty power, has reaped a rich harvest in the past two years among the members of this House. Many men have been gathered silently in and have passed into that mysterious beyond. As we stand to-day and look back at the past the forms of our departed friends and associates seem to rise before us, and their brilliant careers, their ennobling qualities, and their sterling characters stand as beacon lights to guide us safely through the tempestuous seas of life. Their lives, pure, honest, and upright, ever remind us that—

Death loves a shining mark.

Of all those who have been called and are now sleeping the last sleep there are none whom we shall miss more or whose memory we will hold dearer than our friend and departed associate, Hon. JOHN HENRY HOFFECKER, late a member of Congress from the State of Delaware. Although he had passed the allotted three score and ten, he was full of life, active and alert, a man of splendid physique and noble attainments. The cares of life had rested lightly upon him. His face had almost the freshness of youth, and his step was elastic as that of a young man.

I shall always look back with pleasure upon my acquaintance with the late Congressman HOFFECKER, for it was a pleasure and an inspiration to know him as I have known him. Associated as I was with him on the Committee on Invalid Pensions, I came in contact with him almost daily, and learned to know him well and to appreciate his splendid qualities. To know him was to love and admire him, for

he was a most companionable man, being always genial, courteous, and affable. He was exceedingly prompt in his attendance at all meetings of the committee, and took great interest in the work that came before him.

While he was quiet, unostentatious, modest, and unassuming in his manners, it did not take those associated with him long to discover that he was possessed of sound judgment, good sense, and great logic. His advice and counsel always commanded the greatest respect, and his views carried much weight. He was honest, fearless, and candid in his opinions, and always stood unflinchingly for that which he believed to be right. He was a man of deeds rather than of words, and measured his efforts by the results he obtained.

JOHN HENRY HOFFECKER was a man who could but command the respect of every man he came in contact with. His kindly face and pleasing ways attracted all to him. It is no cause for wonder that he occupied a high position in his native State and was honored and loved by his constituency. It was but a just tribute to his sterling manhood and true Christian character.

In politics Mr. HOFFECKER was an active and earnest Republican, and was one of the "Old Guard" of that political faith in Delaware. He was a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1876, and again at Chicago in 1884. He was elected to the State legislature of Delaware in 1888, and was honored by being chosen the speaker of the house of representatives. He held many other positions of honor and trust in that State, and to every public trust he was faithful and conscientious in the discharge of his duty.

The voters of Delaware by a handsome majority elected Mr. HOFFECKER as their Representative to the Fifty-sixth Congress, and it was in the midst of a useful and honorable

career that his life was closed by death. Mr. HOFFECKER was one of the sturdy and substantial citizens of this great country of ours—one of the bone and sinew, one of the tried and true. He was true to himself and true to his friends. He was popular with his associates on the committee and with the members of this House.

His death came as a shock to us all, and while the loss was greater to his family circle and long personal friends, and to the State which he so ably represented, it was also great to this legislative body, and especially to the committee of which he was such an active and honored member. No man would have been more missed from its deliberations, and it fills our hearts with sorrow and sadness when we think that never again will we look into his frank and honest face, or never again hear the tones of his pleasant and cheering voice. Truly, he was one of nature's noblemen and one for whom we shall all sincerely mourn.

ADDRESS OF MR. SHATTUC, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: To the large number of his associates in Congress who, like myself, had the valued privilege of knowing the late Representative JOHN H. HOFFECKER intimately well—and, indeed, to every gentleman in this body, of which he was so faithful and prominent a member—the shock of the suddenness of his demise at his home in Delaware last summer will be vividly and sadly recalled by these tributes of respect and love which we to-day pay his memory.

The location of his apartments in this city while in attendance upon the sessions of Congress made of him a close neighbor of mine, and our cordial relations with each other were added to and made more pleasurable by this fortunate circumstance during the long period in which I enjoyed his society; and I feel a sense of gratitude that I was thus enabled to enjoy his companionship when our duties in this Chamber did not interfere with our pleasant and, to me, profitable intercourse.

Mr. HOFFECKER possessed that sincere cordiality of manner, that nobleness of character, inborn politeness, considerate kindness and geniality for everyone with whom he came in contact which is epitomized and best described in the phrase, "a gentleman of the old school." While I have seldom met anyone whose appearance has so impressed me with respect and confidence as did his, his personality and character commanded the respect and confidence which his appearance inspired, and much of the sincere regard and friendship that came to him were begotten of his own sincerity and confidence in mankind.

His long and exceptionally successful career as a man of affairs, his energetic service in various important enterprises in the mercantile world, his public life, and his great trust in men, with his natural kindliness of heart and nobility of character, combined to create in him what a famous philosopher aptly terms "a wide affinity" which impelled him naturally and without effort, with neither deference nor condescension, to be to the great and less of the world, to the high and low, always the same courtly, genial, amiable gentleman.

His home life was beautiful and inspiring in its refinement and simplicity, and the same noble qualities which brought to him the love of his friends were possessed by his devoted wife and children. Indeed, I do not think there existed a more touching example of the best American home life in its Christianity and culture and devoted love than was formed by this family, and in the demise of the kind and loving husband and father they are indeed sorely bereaved.

Others here will speak of his valuable and faithful services in this House. Seldom has "the common duty of each day been more uncommonly well done" than by Mr. HOFFECKER. His capacity for ceaseless work was remarkable, his large private interests combining with his duties here to keep him constantly engaged, while his interest in humanity and his unselfish desire to help others less fortunate impelled him to find ample time to help countless of his acquaintances; and it was while faithfully attending to his duties as a Representative of his people that he passed away.

His personality and character won for him countless friends in all walks of life, who sincerely loved him and who deeply mourn the loss of his companionship and of the helpfulness of his Christian character and great kind heart; and though many of them could praise his virtues more eloquently than

I, yet none could be more grateful for the friendship of the companion who has been called away and whose memory I revere.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased member in tribute of whom these proceedings have been held, the House, in pursuance of its resolutions, stands adjourned until Monday next at 12 o'clock m.

And accordingly (at 5 o'clock and 30 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

Proceedings in the Senate.

December 3, 1900.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. W. J. Browning, its Chief Clerk, transmitted to the Senate resolutions on the death of Cushman K. Davis, late a Senator from the State of Minnesota; Hon. John H. Gear, late a Senator from the State of Iowa; Hon. John H. Hoffecker, late a Representative from the State of Delaware, and Hon. William D. Daly, late a Representative from the State of New Jersey.

January 30, 1901.

Mr. Kenney. Mr. President, I wish to give notice that on Saturday, the 16th of February, I will call up the resolutions of the House of Representatives announcing the death of my late colleague in the House, Hon. John H. Hoffecker, and will ask the Senate to suspend its proceedings in order that fitting tribute may be paid to his memory.

February 13, 1901.

Mr. Kenney. Mr. President, on January 30 I gave notice to the Senate that on February 16, 1901, I should call up the resolutions of the House of Representatives announcing the death of Hon. John H. Hoffecker, late a Representative from my State.

I desire to change that time to Saturday, February 23, to follow the consideration of the resolutions notice of which

has been given by the Senator from New Hampshire [Mr. Chandler].

FEBRUARY 18, 1901.

A message from the House transmitting to the Senate resolutions of the House commemorative of the life and public services of Hon. JOHN H. HOFFECKER, late a Representative from the State of Delaware.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

FEBRUARY 23, 1901.

Mr. KENNEY. I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives relative to the death of the late Representative from the State of Delaware, Hon. JOHN H. HOFFECKER.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Hansbrough in the chair). The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *February 16, 1901.*

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tribute to the memory of Hon. JOHN H. HOFFECKER, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Delaware.

Resolved, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent abilities as a distinguished public servant, the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Mr. KENNEY. I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask that they be read.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Delaware will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN H. HOFFECKER, late a Representative from the State of Delaware.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.

Address of Mr. Kenney, of Delaware.

Mr. President: We dispense with the business of the day in order that we may pay tribute to the memory of a distinguished citizen of my State—John Henry Hoffecker—who died on the morning of June 16 last, and at the time of his death was a member of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Hoffecker was born near Smyrna, Del., on the 12th day of September, 1827. His father, Joseph V. Hoffecker, was a gentleman of culture and refinement, and his family connections were of wide extent in the community in which he was born, lived, and died. The mother of the deceased Representative was a lady noted for her piety and the many attributes that go to make up the grand character of worshipful motherhood. His father and mother were both long, useful, and consistent members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and died with a full belief in the consoling doctrine of that denomination.

Mr. Hoffecker, whose start in life was in an humble way, had by energy, thrift, and economy accumulated a competency, and being recognized as a business man of more than ordinary capacity, he was, at the time of his death and for a long time previous thereto, president of several corporations and a director in others, not large in their workings, but all interested in and striving for the advancement of the community in which he so long lived.

The bent of Mr. Hoffecker's mind was not in a political direction, and, beyond holding for many years the presidency of the council in the town in which he lived, he held no political office until the year 1888, when he was elected to the legislature and was chosen speaker of the house, presiding, as

was universally acknowledged, with a degree of ability and fairness which won for him unstinted praise.

He was nominated for Congress by the conventions of the Republican party, and, notwithstanding the fact that great dissensions existed in his party over certain matters in dispute, he was honored with a united support and elected by a large majority.

In all that I may say in praise of the life and character and manly attributes of him of whom I speak, I have no fear but that a universal sanction and a heartfelt response will come from the people of Delaware, whom I have the distinguished honor to represent in this body. I shall not attempt to deliver an undeserved eulogy. The sincerity of his character, supplemented by his own history and example and attested by the loyalty and friendship of those who had known him long, leaves to me an easy task when I arise to address you in commemoration of the life of JOHN HENRY HOFFECKER.

As a citizen he was trusted and beloved; as a kind and indulgent husband and father his example is worthy of emulation; as a member of the church of his choice he was faithful and zealous, and to all whose good fortune it was to be brought in contact with him he was ever kind and courteous. Whilst many years of usefulness for him were looked forward to by his friends, and possibly by himself, he had reached that age when it may be said his sun went down at eventide.

At the time of his death the Republican national convention was in session in Philadelphia, and he was preparing to leave his home in order to attend it. Complaining to his wife of not feeling very well, she thought it advisable for him to take some medicine, and left him for a little while to procure it. When she returned life was extinct.

God's finger touched him and he slept.

"Not a moment in the dark valley or the shadow between the two worlds," he closed his eyes upon the joys of time to open them upon the brighter visions of eternity. His was—

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness knows no doubt.

I was honored by being named as one of the committee representing the Senate on the funeral occasion, and was greatly impressed by the respect shown his memory by the community in which all his life had been passed. The business of the town was suspended and all the stores and factories were closed, and in looking upon those who attended the obsequies and followed the remains to its last resting place, I concluded that the regard of those who had known him exceeded admiration and reached the bond of affection. Differing with him politically, it is perhaps better that I should leave unsaid, just at this time, some things that my heart is inclined to utter in recognition of his kindness and goodness, lest my motives should be misconstrued. He sleeps in the soil of his native State. His memory will long remain fresh and green in the hearts of his people, and in closing this imperfect eulogy of the deceased there comes to my mind the words of that beautiful and familiar hymn:

How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
  A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
  Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell conflicting hopes and fears
  Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
  Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Life's labor done, as sinks the day,
  Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
  "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Address of Mr. McComas, of Maryland.

Mr. President: My acquaintance with the deceased member of the House of Representatives, John Henry Hoffecker, was not intimate. His service was limited to one term, and one session of that term in the coordinate legislative branch of the Government. I had before learned the high esteem entertained for Mr. Hoffecker in his own State. He had been the speaker of the house of representatives of that State during an exciting period. He had been a man of business prior to that time and during years thereafter. His life centered in common duties and private affairs at home, those of a business character and those of a political character, limited in scope, and local in opportunity for the exercise of his powers.

Manifestly he had gained the confidence of his fellow-men during a life which began and ended in the vicinity where he spent the days of his life, except when called hither by public duty, at Smyrna, Del., a most interesting and beautiful town in that interesting State—one of the smallest States in the Union, which yet has furnished many remarkable men to the Federal service of our country in earlier and later times. This old State comprises part of the lovely peninsula which makes up a large part of my own State. All my life I have been near to and observed those people, their earnest and sturdy character, and with satisfaction I have watched the not rapid but persistent growth of that peninsular Commonwealth.

Mr. Hoffecker, of Delaware, was not only a good man in his relations at home, but he was a good man in the community in which he lived. He was reputed to be a man of strong

character and a man of sterling integrity. He attached himself to that religious faith which predominates in that peninsula, the Methodist Church, where that denomination retains the pristine vigor of that remarkable religious society, and where the characteristics of the Methodist faith are more frequently found imprinted upon the lives of the followers of that faith than almost any locality that now occurs to my memory.

He was not only trusted at home, but he was trusted in the affairs of his State; and in a most exciting period, as the Senator from Delaware [Mr. Kenney] said, Mr. HOFFECKER became the candidate of his party for Congress. I met him then only casually, and I was impressed with the sturdy and sterling worth of this new man in Federal politics. What he might have performed by long service can not now be known.

After a long and exacting session he returned to his home, wearied by his patient, conscientious, and faithful devotion to his work in committee by never-ceasing demands of his constituency and by attention upon the floor of the House. At his time of life — for he was over 73 years of age — with his sense of responsibility in public affairs, the burden of his duties here bore more heavily upon him than they would have borne upon a man trained to endurance by longer service. I have no doubt that the exactions of that service in a long, busy session, coming to a man not experienced in the life here, wore out the remnant of his vigor and vitality; and, having gone home after the close of the session, he died suddenly, and was at rest.

The people of his home and of his State mourn him not lightly, but seriously. He was beloved among the people of his community and beloved by the people of Delaware and even beyond the lines of his State. In my own State

Mr. HOFFECKER had many friends who held him in high esteem and who cherish his memory.

His life and labors have won the tribute that belongs to a man of purpose, of industry, of honor, and religious convictions. According to his faith, and so far as he had talents, he led a life of public usefulness and a life of private integrity and dignity. Mourned by his friends, trusted and remembered by his State, and sincerely regretted by those who served with him under the roof of this Capitol, he suddenly ended his public career and has entered into his rest.

Address of Mr. Allen, of Nebraska.

Mr. President: I find a brief epitome of the life of John Henry Hoffecker in the Congressional Directory of last session, which I will read:

John Henry Hoffecker, Republican, of Smyrna, was born September 12, 1827, at Mansion House, on a farm near that town; attended public and private schools in Smyrna, Del., graduated in civil engineering and trained in field practice with Nehemiah Clark, esq., public surveyor; in 1853 opened an office in Smyrna, Del., as surveyor and conveyancer, and pursued the business continuously to 1889; was elected delegate to the Republican national convention at Cincinnati in 1876, and at Chicago in 1884; was elected a member of the general assembly in 1888, and on the 1st day of January, 1889, was chosen speaker of the house of representatives; was elected president of town council in 1878, and served continuously by reelection to 1898; was elected director of the Fruit Growers' National Bank of Smyrna at its organization in 1876; has been reelected each year since; was chosen president of the institution in 1891, and is still holding that position; was instrumental in the establishment of a large factory in Smyrna for hermetically sealed goods, which are largely exported to Europe; the factory bears date 1867, and gives employment largely to women and children during the fruit season of each year; was elected to the Fifty-sixth Congress, receiving 17,566 votes to 15,053 for L. Irving Handy, Democrat, and 398 for L. W. Brosius, Prohibitionist.

Mr. President, my acquaintance with the deceased statesman began and ended with his service in the other branch of Congress. Early upon his entrance into the Fifty-sixth Congress I became acquainted with him. I was frequently thrown into his society, and learned by conversation and by association of his many virtues and of his high character.

I gather from the brief history I have just read that his life was one of great activity. He perhaps did not shine in political circles as other illustrious sons of Delaware have shone, but that he made his impress upon his State and upon the nation I think can not be questioned.

Mr. HOFFECKER was a Republican. There were no qualifications in his political belief. He was a believer in the tenets of his party. As the whole world knows, I am not a Republican, and have nothing about me savoring of Republican ideas; and yet among the warmest personal friends I have and have had during my life are those with whom I disagree politically.

When we come to the brink of the grave and to speak of the life, the virtues, and the character of a deceased friend, politics must be put aside, and the true life of the man alone revealed.

Mr. HOFFECKER was a man of business; he was a man of affairs. He had evidently given some slight attention to political matters; but I take it he did not engage in an extensive study of political problems, but accepted largely the faith of his party from those having in charge its policies and its platforms. And yet I must do him the credit of saying, from my slight knowledge of him, that he was amply capable of solving all problems that presented themselves to him.

It is difficult, Mr. President, for me to speak of the dead. I have seen dead and wounded upon the field of battle, five and six thousand men, and yet that scene, horrible as it was and horrible as it must always be, if it should occur again, did not impress me and does not impress me with those feelings that come to me when I see a human being struggling for his life with disease.

Mr. HOFFECKER was a man ripe in years, a man of large experience, a man whose domestic relations were of the purest character; and there, Mr. President, the true man shines out and is known at his best. I am told that at his fireside no man was more interesting, no man more indulgent, no man more

loving, no man more affectionate. No man guarded the name of his home and the dignity of his family to a greater extent than JOHN HENRY HOFFECKER.

Here, Mr. President, I must leave this man. I leave him, as I must leave those who precede me from the shores of time to those of eternity, in sadness and in sorrow.

Mr. HOFFECKER was a man who lived in the faith and died in the faith of the Christian religion; and I want again in this sacred presence to announce my belief in the immortality of the human soul and in the accountability of all God's creatures in the future for their conduct on earth. He was a strong believer in the Methodist Church, one of the great Christian organizations of this country. He died in the faith of that church, and I have reason to believe that his life was such as to induce him to face the future without any question as to the result.

> Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,
> For, yea, henceforth they shall rest from their labors,
> And their works do follow them.

And in that faith this good man, full of years and full of good works, passed into eternity, trusting to the future alone.

Address of Mr. Heitfeld, of Idaho.

Mr. President: It is probably true that no man, be he ever so generous, public spirited, and noble, can hope to make himself indispensable to the community in which he lives, but there are those whose loss, when death claims them and we are forced to give them up, causes us to feel a keener grief and a more enduring sorrow than is usually felt at the last sad parting.

At rare intervals men are encountered who have so shaped their lives that their fellow-men are permitted to share the blessings with which they have been endowed by an All-wise Providence; men who have not spent their lives for their own betterment alone, but who have so bent their energies that their successes are the successes of the communities in which they live. Such a man was John Henry Hoffecker, of Delaware, and for the loss of such a one does Delaware now mourn.

Mr. President, I will not attempt to enumerate his many public services; that can be better and more properly done by his colleagues. It is sufficient to say that he always performed his duties well.

Mr. Hoffecker was a native-born citizen of the State which he represented with such marked ability. From early manhood he showed a disposition to extend a helping hand to those with whom he came in contact, and to place a means of livelihood within the reach of those of his community less favored than he with natural ability, all of which endeared him to his neighbors. As he developed with age and experience he lost none of those rare traits of character which had blessed his surroundings, but broadened the field of their usefulness. His whole life, which was one of prosperity and success, was so spent as to

make happy and prosperous the lives of those with whom he had to do.

His public service was such as to be properly rewarded with promotion and advancement, and he was promoted and advanced until, when death summoned him from among us, the blow fell not on Delaware alone, but caused the nation to join the State in a common sorrow.

Mr. HOFFECKER lived to a mature age, and his life was so spent that in looking back upon it he could enjoy that priceless blessing to be derived from the contemplation of a task well done, of a duty well discharged.

Let the memory of the noble deeds he did live after him; his soul has gone to its eternal reward; his body is interred in the soil of the State which he loved and served, where it now rests to await the resurrection of the dead.

Mr. President, I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Delaware [Mr. Kenney].

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

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